Mrs Barwell.

from her sincerely

attached daughter.

Louisa Mary Barwell.

July 20th

1834.

Descended from the loved grandmother

to her beloved Granddaughter

THE

VALUE OF TIME.

A Tale for Children.

BY MRS. BARWELL,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE LEARNERS,"
"SUNDAY LESSONS," &c.

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THE

VALUE OF TIME.

The value of Time is never either understood or appreciated by youth, and yet, when it is considered how deeply the employment of Time affects the happiness of the present moment and the future welfare of all mankind, it becomes a matter of duty with all to use it wisely.

We must remember that Time lost can never be found; we cannot live the past minute, hour, day, or week over again. Time ill spent can never be changed; we cannot blot out or recall a single thought or action. Lost health may be regained, lost hopes revived, lost happiness restored, lost money or goods recovered — but lost Time, never. The employment of Time involves every action, nay, even every thought, of our lives: we may do more mischief to ourselves and others in a single minute than a long life can ever amend: we may think more

evil in one moment, than we can cleanse from the mind by an hour's proper thought.

We may thence infer that those who employ Time well, will never do wrong; and those who employ it ill, will rarely do right.

Time may be compared to a long sheet of paper, one end of which is invisible, being rolled upon a cylinder, which is perpetually turning, although so slowly that its motion is scarcely perceptible. Upon this paper we are to work. It passes us, we do not move; and when it has once passed, we cannot follow

it to repair any error, or fill up any space that may have been left vacant; nor can we stop it in its progress to correct our work, or to improve it. We can only do better as we proceed; we cannot alter, amend, or recover that which is gone by. The length of the paper is quite unknown to us; it may be very long, it may be very short, but we are responsible for all we have done, and all we have left undone, in its progress.

The tools with which we are provided are industry, activity, perseverance, and attention. These

implements must be kept constantly bright and sharp. If we suffer them to become rusty or blunt, the beauty of our work will be marred; it will be full of blank spaces, blots, and blunders, and consequently illegible, useless, injurious, and defective. But if we are ever on the alert to keep our tools in good order, the paper will be well covered, the work will be legible and intelligible, useful, instructive, productive, amusing, and valuable.

The following tale will perhaps best exemplify to my young friends the truths I have just stated; and

should I succeed in impressing their minds with the importance of employing every moment wisely, neither my time nor theirs will have been mispent.

The family of Mr. and Mrs. Howard consisted of two sons and two daughters: Caroline, the eldest, was sixteen years old; the second, William, thirteen; the third, John, about ten; and Jane, the fourth, eight. Their various characters will be displayed in the following pages; I shall only observe that they were affectionate towards their parents and towards each other, and

they were possessed of good abilities. Mr. and Mrs. Howard educated their children at home, with some assistance from masters: the ties which bound these children to their father and mother were strengthened in every way; their parents were, by turns, their friends, their instructors, their companions. They looked to them for every thing; for food, clothing, lodging, protection, affection, instruction, pleasure. And what had these children to give in return? Affection, obedience, and respect.

Mr. Howard had allotted certain

portions of the day to be passed with him in learning what he considered best suited to the age and capacity of each child: the girls were necessarily more with their mother, but the latter also took her share in the moral education of her sons.

Caroline and Jane were sitting one morning with their mother, who was sewing.

Mamma, said Jane, after she had been some time watching her mother's needle, how fast you work; I think your sewing cannot be neat.

Come and examine it, Jane, you will then be able to judge.

Jane looked at the work. Yes, it is particularly neat. Now have you ever seen Mrs. Archer sew, Mamma? she is so very slow, and so particular, looking at almost every stitch she sets; I really thought it was impossible for yours to be as good, since I am sure you take three stitches while she is making one. And another thing is, when I hurry, I make very bad work.

I am not hurrying, Jane, but I have been a needle-woman much longer than yourself, and conse-

quently can sew better, and at the same time faster.

But, Mamma, you do not seem to think about your sewing as Mrs. Archer does, for whenever she speaks she lays down her work; now I thought it always necessary to think about what one is doing.

There are many employments which become so habitual, so mechanical, that they require no strict attention of the mind. Sewing is one of those mechanical occupations.

But if I do not think about my

work, I do it so very badly, Mamma.

Because you have not yet made it sufficiently a matter of habit. I used to think about it, when I was your age. What are you doing now, Jane, or rather, what ought you to be doing?

I ought to be writing a French exercise; but seeing your needle fly in and out so, prevented my going on.

Writing a French exercise is an occupation requiring thought and attention; you should not allow yourself to be diverted from it

by so trivial a matter as my needle.

Jane resumed her employment, but soon again looking up, she asked her sister what o'clock it was.

Caroline replied, she did not know.

Jane then put the same question to her mother, who made the same answer.

Where's your watch, Mamma?

Gone to be repaired, Jane.

Why, what was the matter with it?

The glass was broken.

Jane then asked how the accident had occurred.

Indeed, Jane, it is not worth while relating it now; you had better go on with your French exercise.

I have plenty of time, Mamma; it must be very early yet. Dear me, my pencil is broken; what a very bad pencil this is. I wonder where it was bought. Caroline, will you cut it for me?

The pencil was cut, and Jane wrote another sentence.

I wish I knew what time it was.

What makes you so anxious to know the hour, Jane?

William said he should have done

by twelve, and that then he would help me to sow the seeds in my garden.

But while you are inquiring so much about time, you forget that you are losing it. When you have finished what you are doing, you will be ready for William, whenever he comes.

But I should like to know exactly what o'clock it is, because then I shall know exactly how much time I have. I shall not feel comfortable till I know, so I'll just run and see.

When Jane reached the hall,

where the clock stood, she found her brother John winding some twine.

She asked what he was doing.

I am going, he replied, to make a net for Mamma's pony; the flies sting the poor thing so, I can't bear to see it.

What a very nice thing that will be! said Jane. I suppose it is to be like Mr. Smith's; I always admire that pretty pony when he goes past with his net on, and the fringe shaking about so nicely: yet I should have supposed the net would tickle him as much as the flies do.

O no, that's not the case; if it were, nobody would use a net. I wish, Jane, you would hold this skein of twine, I cannot wind it well off these chairs.

I shall like to help you of all things, said Jane, can't I do any thing else?

I think you might fill my needles for me; I have two, and while I am using one, you can prepare the other.

That will be just like filling the reels for the weavers: don't you recollect, John, the industrious little girl at the shawl-manufacturer's,

who filled the bobbins with different coloured silks and cottons?

When John had nearly wound the skein or hank of twine, Jane recollected her French exercise, and, looking at the clock, she saw it wanted but a quarter to twelve.

Oh! I must go, she exclaimed, my exercise won't be finished. You must take the twine off my hands, John. I'll put it on the chairs again.

Stop, Jane, stop, cried her brother, you'll spoil all my string. Look, you have entangled it already, you

should not have undertaken the task if you could not stay till it was finished.

I'm very sorry, John, but you see the time won't stand still, and I am too late already; I must go now—and she hastily placed the twine on the chairs.

Now, Jane, you are very naughty; you have done me more harm than good; I wish you had never touched the twine.

Jane did not stop to hear more, but ran back into the breakfast-room; and, without saying a word, sat down to write.

Mrs. Howard remarked that she had been gone a long time to ascertain the hour, and that she was sorry to see her so idle.

No, Mamma, I have not been idle; I have been holding the twine for John to wind.

At this moment John himself entered, with the entangled twine in his hand, saying—

Pray, Caroline, help me to unshackle this twine. Jane has made such a muddle of it, I cannot get it right by myself. I should have finished it before this time, if she had not offered to help me.

How's this, Jane? asked Mrs. Howard — you said, just now, you had not been idle.

No more I have, Mamma; I was doing something, and should not have put the twine in a muddle, only I happened to recollect my

exercise, and then I saw it was nearly twelve o'clock: so I put the string down in a hurry, and that did the mischief.

Then the time you had previously spent in holding the skein was to no purpose, because you have caused your brother more trouble and time in disentangling the string than it would have done to have wound it without your assistance.

Exactly so, Mamma, said John, that's the very thing.

And had you returned to your task, Jane, the moment you had ascertained the hour, you would most

probably have now finished it — therefore I again repeat, you have been idle; at least you have passed the time to no good end—indeed, I might say, to a bad end; since you have certainly done mischief, and caused much loss of time to others; for your brother and sister are both now engaged in repairing your errors.

I see what you mean, Mamma, replied Jane, but I always thought that being idle was doing nothing; now I certainly was doing something.

Idleness may very fairly be termed the misemployment of time, remarked

Mrs. Howard; and I think you will be honest enough to allow, that your time has been misemployed this morning.

Yes, Mamma, certainly, but I did not intend, when I began the twine, to leave it unfinished: the fact was, I did not think of time, I only thought how pleasant it was to help John.

And that was a very worthy feeling, but you did not fulfil your intention in consequence of your not thinking about time: and thus you have vexed John, lost his time, Caroline's, and your own, and neither wound the twine nor written your

exercise—in short, you have done nothing; and this brings us to your own explanation of the word—idleness.

Now Jane, said William, running into the room, are you ready to go into the garden?

Not quite, William, I have just three more sentences to write.

I am sorry I cannot wait, but I am going out with Papa at one, and I must be ready punctually. I told *you* to be punctual, you know.

William, you are always so fond of that word, *punctual:* five or ten minutes cannot make much difference, and I shall have done in ten minutes.

Come to me, then, in my garden, I have something to do there; but remember I shall prepare for Papa *precisely* at ten minutes to one—and William left the room.

Now that's another of William's words; "*precisely*," "*punctually*," "*exactly*," are all such favourite words with him—just as if a few minutes could signify. I shall be in the garden at a very little past twelve.

It has just done striking the first quarter past twelve, remarked Caroline.

Are you quite sure of that, Caroline? Indeed, you must be wrong, it

must have been twelve that struck. I'll run and look at the clock.

Jane found that her sister was right; it was a quarter past twelve. She told her mother she thought she had better go into the garden now, or else there would be no time. Mrs. Howard reminded her that M. Duval would come at three, and that she dined at half-past one; but Jane declared she should return to the house when William went out with her Papa, and that there must be plenty of time *before* dinner to complete her exercise, and if not, there would be plenty of time *after*.

Mrs. Howard thought it best that Jane should be taught by her own experience, and therefore said no more; and Jane followed William into the garden.

Caroline and John had disentangled the twine, and the latter having filled his needle to commence the net, found that he was not sufficiently acquainted with the work to begin it by himself, and he again had recourse to Caroline to assist him. She, however, good-naturedly but firmly, told him she could not oblige him, as she had already spent some time about the twine, and she had promised to

mend William's gloves for him by one o'clock.

How very provoking! said John, that William must have his gloves just at the very time I want my net begun for me. Surely, Caroline, you could spare a few minutes just to set me off.

I would, willingly, John, but it will take much more than a few minutes to set you off, and I must fulfil my promise to William.

How long will you be mending those tiresome gloves?

I can't tell exactly: but after they are finished it will be my hour to

practise. I do not think I can do it for you till the evening.

I don't like regularity at all, said John, it is a very troublesome thing, and I don't see the use of it: now tell me, Caroline, why cannot you do my net after you have finished the gloves, and put off practising till the evening?

Because I may then be prevented practising altogether.

And may not you also be prevented beginning my net in the evening?

No, John, I think not; practising cannot go on to the annoyance of papa and mamma, when they wish

to read aloud or converse; and sometimes, you know, we have friends in the evening: now I can net during reading or conversation, although I can't play the piano-forte.

All this seems very true, Caroline, but I am so anxious to begin my net, that I shall try again and manage it by myself.

Accordingly John went to work, and made what he thought a correct beginning; and he worked hard for about half an hour, when he discovered his labour and time were all thrown away, for his commencement was entirely wrong; he had, too,

spoiled a good deal of twine. He impatiently threw it all aside, almost sorry he had ever undertaken the task, and went into the garden, where he found William and Jane very busily sowing the seeds. They had finished two borders, and William had marked the spots in the third,

and laid the papers containing the seeds on each place allotted to it, saying, as he did so, Now Jane, you must put these in yourself, for I can stay no longer; it wants ten minutes to one, and I must wash my hands before I go out.

Jane thanked her brother for all he had done, and added, she was quite sure she could do the rest very quickly.

William, after giving her a few more directions, ran off to the house.

Look at these seeds, John; they are a few of those beautiful larkspurs we used to admire so much last year

in William's garden; he has given me these—the last he has; just look at them.

I can't tell any thing by looking at them. What are those long marks in the earth there for?

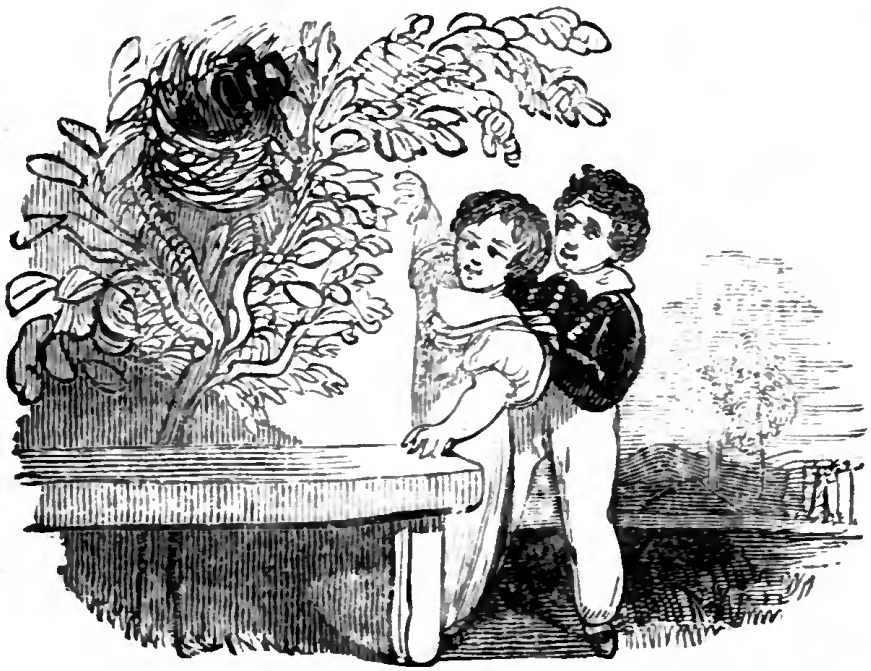
I shall put some primroses in there, as an edge to this border; and these are for sweet peas—and these for lupins—and these for mignionette—and these—stay, I can't see the name of these; well, never mind, I dare say they are all very pretty:—and as she named the different flowers she opened the papers and laid them on the ground.

I declare, there goes Mr. Smith's pony! exclaimed John; let's run to the gate, and see if it has the net on, this morning; they ran to the gate and saw the net, which they both agreed was very well made; but John was of opinion his would be better, because the twine was finer.

The pony was scarcely out of sight, when they heard the sound of a military band, which announced the approach of a regiment of cavalry. Jane ran to call Caroline; she, however, had seen them quite often enough, and did not wish to leave off practising, so Jane ran back to

the gate without her. As the soldiers passed, Jane asked her brother whether he should not like to be a soldier, and ride a beautiful horse, and wear those fine regimentals ?

I don't think I should, he replied, for these men seem to have nothing to do, and I am not fond of being idle; I can't say either that I particularly like those fine regimentals, as you call them; the men always look as we do when we dress up; and it must be very stupid work riding about just where you are ordered, and just the pace that the captain, or major, or colonel may



choose. Let's go and see, Jane, how the bird gets on with its nest in the wall.

This bird was building a nest in an apricot tree, just in the part where the branches grow out of the main stem; the spot was most cleverly chosen, as it was well protected from

the cold wind, while it was quite exposed to the rays of the warm sun. The progress of the nest was a source of daily interest to the children; the tree was nailed against a gable, and as they used to stand peeping round the corner, they were able to watch the birds, without being perceived by the feathered architects. After Jane and her brother had observed them for some minutes, John, who began to be a little tired of the necessary silence, gave his sister a sudden push as he stood behind her, and, forcing her forward beyond the line of the wall, the birds

were alarmed and flew away. John laughed heartily at her surprise, and she joined him in the laugh, although she complained a little at the birds having been driven from the nest. In the midst of their mirth, they were summoned to dinner, which meal, with the dessert, occupied about an hour.

At half-past two, then, Jane remembered her French exercise, and ran to the breakfast room to finish it; but she could not find her pencil; and after hunting all over the room, she thought she must have laid it down in the hall, when she

took up the twine to hold for her brother. There she searched on all the furniture, but in vain; at length she looked upon the floor, and saw it lying under a chair; she picked it up, returned to the breakfast room, and was preparing to write, when she discovered that the point of the pencil had been broken, in falling upon the hall pavement. How provoking! she had no knife to sharpen it. Where was Caroline? gone to walk out with her mother. Where was William? nobody knew;— she however, at length, found him in her father's study, examining some little white

lumps, through a magnifying glass. Her attention was immediately attracted by her brother's earnestness; and, instead of requesting him to cut her pencil, she asked him what he was doing.

I am examining some crystals, he replied.

Pray let me look, William; and her brother gave her the magnifying glass. After she had looked through it, he asked her what she saw.

Only some pieces of salt, she replied.

How do you know they are pieces of salt? he inquired.

Jane said, by their colour and shape.

But, said William, they are not all shaped alike, are they? look again.

Jane looked again, and replied, They certainly differed in form, although she was sure she should never have observed any difference, if her brother had not pointed it out.

How did you discover it, William?

I have been trying an experiment which I read about in the Elements of Chemistry, my prize book; and now I am looking at these crystals, as they are called, to see if the experiment has succeeded.

I wish you would shew it me, William.

I do not think you can entirely understand it; still, perhaps, you might learn something about it; but, you see, in order to make you comprehend me, I must be quite perfect myself; so if you'll come to me at half-past four, I'll be ready for you.

Thank you, William, you are very kind; I am sure I shall understand it, and—

Miss Jane, M. Duval is here, said the servant, entering the room.

How early he is come! it can't be three o'clock, exclaimed Jane.

Yes, Miss, it has struck three, replied the servant.

Dear me! said Jane, and I have not done my exercise.

She went to M. Duval, and immediately explained that her exercise was not finished. Upon his inquiring the cause, she said, she had not had time. M. Duval asked, what had occupied her so much since the last lesson? Jane was now quite at a loss, for, on endeavouring to recollect what really had prevented her, she could remember nothing of sufficient importance to form any excuse for her

neglect, — she therefore made no reply. M. Duval asked Caroline if she knew the cause of her sister's omission.

I fear, Sir, replied Caroline, that, thinking she had time enough, she let the proper hour for writing go by.

Then, Ma'amselle, instead of your not having time, it seems you have had too much time; is not this the case?

No, Sir, said Jane, not too much time; but I believe I lost the time.

Those who have not enough to do, remarked M. Duval, are generally more idle than those whose

every moment is occupied. I must, therefore, allot you a larger portion to prepare for me.

When the lesson was over, M. Duval desired Jane to finish the exercise, and write another, which she was to shew to her sister at five; and Caroline promised to inform the master the next time he came, whether his desire had been fulfilled.

Jane, though she had yet to learn the value of time, was not intentionally disobedient, and was too honest to deceive any one; she therefore sat down to her

exercise the moment M. Duval left the room, which was not until past four o'clock. She did not leave off to talk, nor move from her seat, till it was finished, when she carried it to Caroline, saying—

Am I in time, Caroline? is it five?

It just wants three minutes, said Caroline.

I wonder whether William will tell me about the crystals now; he said, half-past four.

William and John read with Papa at five, you know, Jane, said her sister.

Oh, yes! so they do,—what a

pity! well, I can't help it now; let me see, what shall I do?

Did not you promise mamma to hem those handkerchiefs for her? asked Caroline.

Yes, I did; but I am not in the humour for sewing now. You see, Caroline, when I can't do what I have fixed my mind upon, I can't settle to any thing else.

But you should not give way to such an idle feeling, Jane; if you do, you will waste a great deal of time,—if you don't wish to sew, can't you read?

No, said Jane, I am tired of a

book, after that long French exercise; besides, it is so near tea time, it is not worth while sitting down to read. What's in that paper parcel, Caroline?

A piece of tin-foil for papa, was the answer.

Do you know what it's for? Jane asked.

Papa is going to shew us an experiment to-night with it, replied Caroline.

An experiment! repeated Jane, how delightful! well, then it is not of so much consequence my having been too late for William's expe-

riment. Can you tell me what it is like, Caroline?

Now, pray do not interrupt me so, Jane; I have already read one sentence over three times; if you will be idle yourself, there is no reason that you should make me so too.

Jane peeped into Caroline's book, and saw there a very pretty print of a bird's nest, underneath which were the words,—"Female tailor-bird and nest." Oh, how pretty! Caroline, do read that aloud to me.

Caroline consented, and read as follows:—

"Equally curious in the structure of its nest, and far superior in the variety and elegance of its plumage, is the tailor bird of Hindostan, so called from its instinctive ingenuity in forming its nest. It first selects a plant with large leaves, and then gathers cotton from the shrub, spins it to a thread by means of its long bill and slender feet, and then, as with a needle, sews the leaves neatly together, to conceal its nest. The tailor bird (*Motacilla sutoria*, Linn.) resembles some of the humming birds at the Brazils, in shape and colour; the hen is clothed in brown,

but the plumage of the cock displays the varied tints of azure, purple, green, and gold, so common in those American beauties. Often have I watched the progress of an industrious pair of tailor birds, in my garden, from their first choice of a plant, until the completion of the nest, and the enlargement of the young. How applicable are the following lines, in the Musæ Seatonianæ, to the nidification of the tailor birds, and the pensile nests of the baya:—

'Behold a bird's nest!
Mark it well, within, without!

No tool had he that wrought; no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join: his little beak was all;
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
Could compass such another?' "

Thank you, Caroline, said Jane, when her sister had finished; what is the name of this pretty book?

"The Architecture of Birds," replied Caroline.

Jane remarked, that it must be very amusing.

It is very amusing, Jane, and amongst many others, there is this important lesson to be learnt from it. It is not only necessary to be

industrious, but our industry must be rightly applied, and applied, too, at the particular minute or hour that will best effect the end in view. The instinct of birds informs them of the right season to build their nests; they begin at this season, and persevere unremittingly in the task, till it is completed; were they to be too early, or too late, their toil would be useless; or were they to rest, or amuse themselves in other ways, while the work ought to be going on, their previous labour would be thrown away. You know, Jane, most birds build their

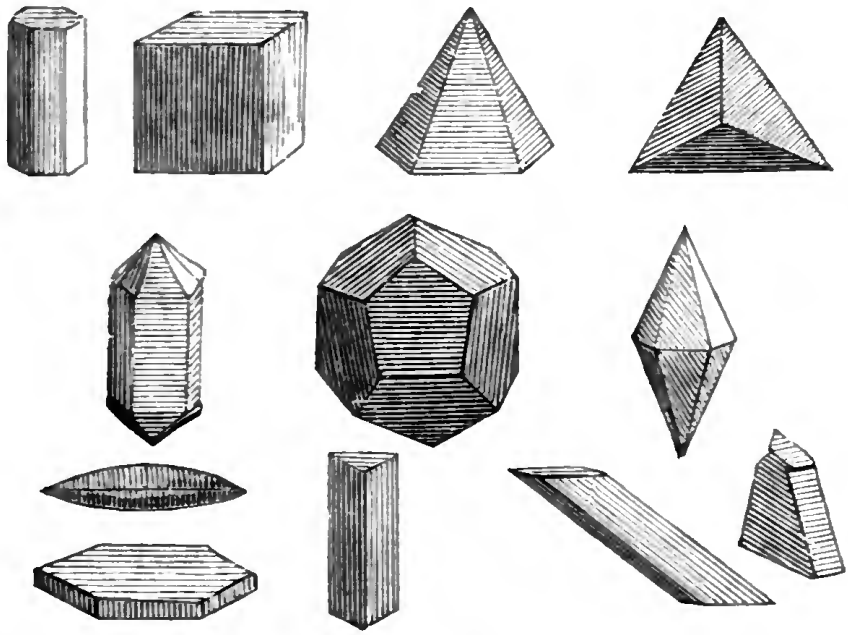
nests in the spring; by this means they sit on their eggs during the warm weather, else they would perish on their nests, and when they left them to get food, the eggs would chill, and be spoiled. The young nestlings, too, when they are first hatched, are mostly unfledged, or not feathered, and the warm and dry season of summer is necessary to rear them.

Birds seem to be much wiser than little girls, then, said Jane, for I was much more foolish than they, when I did not do my exercise at the right time; but, however,

it is all over now, and I shall have no more trouble about that affair.

Jane was, however, mistaken; that affair, as she called it, led her into further distresses.

After tea, Mr. Howard prepared to shew the experiments, for which all the parties were very anxious. These experiments related to the nature and formation of crystals, shewing how they might be produced, and how their natures could be discovered by a careful inspection of their forms. Jane could understand very little, and she grew so restless from being unamused, that



she at last did little else but yawn. Her father asked her, why she seemed so tired? Because, she said, I cannot be amused by what I do not understand.

William, then, did not succeed in explaining to you the various forms of crystals, said Mr. Howard.

Papa, replied Jane, I had no time to go to him; that is, I mean, I could not go at the time he fixed; and when I did go, William was reading with you.

But why could you not go to him at half-past four? inquired her father.

Because, papa, I had not written my French exercise when M. Duval came; so he told me to do that, and another, by five o'clock.

Well, I am sorry you have lost the amusement of this evening; but we cannot be interrupted by your yawning and restlessness, so you

had better either go to bed, or get something else to do. And Jane did go to bed, though it was early, for she was quite tired of doing nothing; she felt very cross with herself, and every one else, thought all that stuff about crystals was very stupid, wondered what could possibly be the use of it; and as she untied her frock, twitched and jerked the strings so violently, that she drew them into a knot. Quite impatient and provoked, she pulled the strings till she broke them, and as she threw her frock on a chair, in a pet, consoled herself by

reflecting it was not her morning gown, and she should have plenty of time to mend the string next day, before she wanted to dress for dinner.

We will now return to the party in the drawing room.—

As soon as the experiments were over, Caroline told John she was ready to begin his net for him.

John brought his own commencement, which was pronounced quite useless; and Caroline observed, it was a pity he had not waited till she was at leisure to attend to it, for he had wasted a good deal of

twine, and what was worse, a good deal of time.

But, Caroline, said he, I did *not* waste my time, because I was doing something; I was employed.

But to what purpose? said his sister; you did worse than nothing, for you spoiled all this twine;—how long were you about it?

O, an hour, I should think, answered John.

And how many useful and amusing things you might have done in an hour, judiciously employed! urged Caroline.

Well, that's very true, Caroline,

said John, but I am not as old as you are, and, therefore, not as wise; I hope I shall be quite as wise, when I am your age.

Caroline would not be so wise, as you term it, said Mrs. Howard, joining in the conversation, had she not employed her time discreetly and usefully. It is not enough to be doing something; it is quite as important that *the something* should be valuable.

But, mamma, said John, I was amused when I was netting; and I have heard you say, that all people sometimes want amusement.

And I say so still, replied Mrs. Howard; you were amused by netting a thing that was so imperfect as to be good for nothing; and, consequently, you spoiled a certain quantity of materials costing money. Had you been running your hoop, gardening, whipping your top, or flying your kite, you would, while enjoying the amusement, have contributed to your health and strength by out-door exercise. Had you preferred reading, drawing, or any other in-door amusements, you would at least have done no harm. It is true, the loss of the

string is very slight, and I only now wish to show you, that the misemployment of time may lead to much evil. I am anxious you should make the right employment of time,—a principle. I shall now say no more on the subject, so you need not look so grave. Caroline is waiting for your directions.

How many stitches wide is it to be ? asked Caroline.

Why, I should think, a hundred.

Unless, said Caroline, you know exactly, I had better not begin ;

because it will look very awkward, if it do not fit exactly.

But, said John, how am I to find out the size?

You must count the stitches in a net that will fit mamma's pony, replied Caroline.

I don't know where to get one, said John, for we are not acquainted with Mr. Smith, so I can't ask him.

Don't you think Robert could borrow one for us to look at? inquired Caroline.

I dare say he could, answered her brother; but then what a time I may have to wait; the summer

will be gone before the net is made. I'm sure a hundred stitches will do exactly, so pray begin, Caroline; I want so to be set going, I really can't wait any longer.

Caroline said no more, but began the net as her brother directed, and John went to work with great industry. He rose the next morning an hour before his usual time, that he might go on; and when Caroline came down, shewed her what a large piece he had completed.

I think it looks very small, said Caroline; you had better try it, before you do any more.

John agreed to the prudence of her remark, and went to the stable to try the net; when, to his great disappointment, he found it much too short. He, however, remembered that he could make a wide fringe, which would remedy the evil. He asked the groom to lead the pony to the door, for his sister to see it. Caroline thought a fringe, however wide, would never answer the purpose; that it must look badly,—not as if it were made for the pony; and strongly advised John to make a fresh beginning. This, however, he would not listen

to; declaring he could not so throw away all the time he had spent about it, nor waste all that quantity of string; and moreover, he was quite sure it would look very well, much better than if it were too large.

But I don't wish you to make it too large, urged Caroline; I only want you to make it fit.

O, you ladies are so particular about fitting; I am sure this will do with a wide fringe; don't you think it will, Robert?

Why, Sir, certainly Sir, said Robert, not wishing to contradict either his young master or his

young mistress; there is no doubt but this will do very well, Sir; it will keep off the flies, Sir, and that's the great thing; but certainly, Sir, if it had been a little wider, it would have been better, Sir.

But you say it will keep off the flies, Robert? repeated John.

O, yes Sir, certainly Sir, again said Robert.

You must do as you like, said Caroline, going from the door.

Now, Robert, said John, again addressing the groom; now honestly, tell me, don't you think a deep fringe will make it wide enough?

and, besides, a broad fringe will be very handsome.

O, certainly, Sir, very handsome, repeated the obsequious Robert; it must look well, no doubt, Sir.

That's all I want, said John, so I shall go on with it.

Jane was always allowed to play for the first half-hour after breakfast, and when the weather would not allow her to go abroad, she amused herself as she pleased, in the house. As soon, therefore, as she had finished her breakfast, she ran down to her garden, to finish putting in the seeds; but what was her consternation, when she found the papers lying in the same places in which she had left them the day before, but all empty. How could it have happened? William was busy in his own piece of ground, and hearing her exclamations of surprise

and sorrow, went to see what was the matter. When Jane had told him, and she ended by asking him what he thought had become of the seeds, he replied,—Of course, the birds have eaten them; why did you not finish putting them into the ground, after I left you?

Why, William, she said, John called me to look at Mr. Smith's pony; and then I stopped to look at the soldiers; and then John said, Let's go and look at the bird's nest; and then I was called to dinner; and then—

And then you forgot the seeds, and then the birds got them,—said William, finishing the sentence for her; I am sorry I have no more to give you, but I told you those were all I had. Now, you see, the work I did for you yesterday, is just thrown away, because you left it unfinished;—it's of no use doing any thing by halves.

I am very sorry, William, said Jane; and she almost cried. I wish that tiresome pony, and those ugly soldiers had not come past, and then I should not have lost my seeds.

No, Jane, said William, they did not cause the loss.

But the birds did, said Jane.

No, nor the birds either; now I'll tell you how it was; If you had been ready to come with me at twelve, all the seeds would have been into the ground before the pony and the soldiers came past. Now, why were you not ready at twelve?

Because I helped John to wind the twine, replied Jane.

No,—said John, who had joined them just before his sister made this answer,—you were no help to

me; quite the contrary, you did me a great deal of mischief.

Jane considered a little, and then said, No; I see now how it was. I did not sit steadily to my exercise; if I had, I should not have done John any mischief; I should not have lost my seeds; I should not have displeased M. Duval; I should not have been obliged to write another exercise, and thus have lost your experiment, William; and I should have been able to understand papa, and have been amused, instead of being so tired and restless, as I was last night; and the

worst of it is, I can't go back to yesterday morning, to put it all right.

No, said William, that's the misfortune of losing time; we can never recover it; but there's one thing we can do,—we can avoid repeating the error.

That's very true, William, said Jane sorrowfully, and you're quite what Papa calls a philosopher; but I shall have no beautiful larkspurs in the summer; the other seeds I can buy; and I'll ask Mamma to let me go to the seedsman's this morning for them; I'll go in now, and get all my lessons done

quickly; I won't lose my time to-day, I'm determined.

The first part of this good resolution she firmly kept, and had finished every thing by twelve o'clock; after which she walked into the town with her mother and Caroline, and bought her seeds. As she paid for them, she could not help sighing, for she had intended to have bought a little book, called "The Garden," and she must now wait till she had sufficient money to make the purchase.

On their return home, she went up stairs to take off her bonnet,

and found one of the maid-servants talking most earnestly to the house-maid, and heard the words—"dreadful!—terribly hurt!—most frightful accident!—frightened to death!" Jane's curiosity was roused, and she begged to know what had happened.

Oh, Miss, have not you heard? exclaimed both the servants at once.

No, said Jane, I have not heard any thing.

Oh! so shocking, Miss! I declare I shake all over now; I shall never forget it! Mr. Smith's pony, Miss.

Well, what of Mr. Smith's pony? repeated Jane, somewhat impatiently.

Why, Miss, I'll tell you all about it; I know more about it than Betty, because I saw the whole. As I was looking out of the back-stairs window, Miss, I heard a noise of a gig coming very fast, and presently, Mr. Smith's pony chaise, with the man driving, came past, as hard as it could tear, and the man whipping as hard as he could whip; well, Miss, in the middle of the road, just past our house, there was a little child playing — you know Mrs. Walker's child, Miss, that pretty little girl, with curling hair? well, Miss, I saw that she could

not get out of the way, and I screamed as loud as I could scream to the man to stop, but I am sure he was tipsy, Miss, and therefore, of course, Miss, not in his right senses; and, in spite of all my screaming, he did not stop.—And Mary was now herself obliged to stop for want of breath, which afforded the other girl an opportunity to speak she did not let slip; she continued the story thus: —He drove on, Miss Jane, and ran over the poor child.

But is it killed? inquired Jane anxiously.

No, Miss, not quite; but I'm sure its bones must be broken; for—

Here Mary interrupted her, and resumed the tale. I saw the child's face all over blood, and it shrieked most dreadfully; but I hear that they can't tell, till the doctor goes, what mischief is done. Look, Miss, out of this window; there, that's the exact place, just by that tree. Dear me! there goes the doctor; and there comes the pony and gig back again, with another person driving. I wonder where that good-for-nothing fellow is; tumbled out of the gig, I dare say: I should like

to hear what the doctor says. Betty, run down, and find out all you can about it, and let Miss Jane know.

Some one has left the cottage, said Jane, and is running this way; he seems coming here—

Come to borrow something; or perhaps to ask some of us to go and help to hold the child. I'm sure I never can go, I've such a poor heart; I should die quite away. I never shall forget seeing my mother bled; —poor sould, there she lay, as white as a sheet, and I dropped down by the side of her! They told me I looked just as bad as she did. O,

look, Miss! there comes the man; he seems sober enough now, however. Well, I'm sure such a person an't fit to be trusted to drive;—people's lives an't safe.

But are you sure he was tipsy? inquired Jane.

Why no, Miss, I can't say that I'm exactly sure; but of course he must have been, or he would have heard me scream. I'm sure I called loud enough;—but he's a very unsteady man.

I should have thought quite the contrary, said Jane; how do you know he's unsteady?

All Mr. Smith's servants, Miss, are but a bad set to my thinking, for all they hold their heads so high; —they don't think us worth speaking to. As for the ladies'-maid, Miss, the airs she gives herself is quite unbearable. Why, would you believe it, Miss, she actually went to church last Sunday in a black-lace veil!

In a black-lace veil! repeated Jane, in a tone almost approaching to horror; well, I never heard of such a thing!

No, Miss. Did you ever? Well, you see, Miss,—this here man-servant and she were walking together;

nobody but the lady's-maid is good enough for him to look at. But Mrs. Smith is a very particular lady, Miss, from what I hear; she never gets up till twelve o'clock, and she can't bear any noise, and she lays on the sofa almost all day;—they say, it is for fear her ancles should grow large.

Really! said Jane, what an odd woman she must be! But does she never go out, or receive company?

O yes, Miss, they keeps a deal of company: and she's so particular about being waited on; she makes

her maid wear gloves for fear her hands should be rough; and she won't, upon no account whatsomever, allow her to wear pockets;—at least, this is all what I hear; and the person that told me must know, because she's always up and down at the house.

Who told you? asked Jane.

Why, Miss, I should not like it to be mentioned, for fear it should get the poor woman into trouble; —but it's the washerwoman. And Mrs. Smith is quite a *natural* mother, Miss; she can't bear her children because they make her

head ache; so they only come into the room morning and evening.

Well, I would not have believed there could be such a cruel wretch, exclaimed Jane.

You may depend upon it, 'tis all true, said Mary. O, I could tell you such a deal about the goings on in that house, you'd be frightened!

Just as she uttered these words, to which Jane was attending with an air of deep attention, Caroline entered the room. Jane looked confused at first, as she knew she had been doing wrong in listening to the vulgar gossip of servants; but the

next moment, recollecting the accident, she exclaimed—

O Caroline, have you heard of the dreadful accident to Mrs. Walker's child ?

Yes, said Caroline, calmly.

Well, continued Jane, you seem quite unconcerned about it. I hear its bones are certainly broken.

Then you have been misinformed, replied Caroline. The child's lip was cut, and its nose bled, and one of its legs is bruised; but it has met with no further mischief.

But are you sure you are right, Caroline ? said Jane, earnestly.

Quite sure; repeated Caroline.

It's a good thing it was no worse said Jane. Mr. Smith ought to turn away that man-servant.

Why so? asked Caroline.

Because he was tipsy, and flogged the pony, and drove so desperately, as to put every body's life in danger. And Jane seemed quite angry.

You appear to have heard a most dreadful account of the accident, and a most exaggerated one also, said Caroline, half smiling. You may however spare your warmth till a better occasion. The facts are these: the pony was very unruly

and obstinate, and the man thought it right to flog him,—when the pony made a sudden start forward, and ran away,—the poor child was playing in the road, and the man dexterously prevented the wheel from passing over it, although he could not hinder the pony from knocking it down.

Why, Mary, said Jane, turning round, you told me quite a different tale to this.

But Mary was gone; she had not thought it necessary to hear any more.

The first dinner-bell has rung

some time, Jane, said Caroline; and you still have your bonnet and pelisse on.

Dear me, I quite forgot the time, said Jane;—and she began taking off her walking dress; but before she had done so, the second dinner-bell rang. Caroline, meantime, had gone down, for she was dressed for dinner.

Jane put on her frock in great haste, forgetting the broken string; —she rang the bell:—Mary, pray mend the string of my frock directly.

Have you a piece of tape here, Miss? inquired Mary.

No; replied Jane, sharply; you know I never keep tape in my bedroom. How can you ask such a silly question?

No, Miss, I don't know any thing about it, I'm sure; said Mary, sulkily; for she was put out of humour by the contradiction of her dreadful narrative.

Well, make haste and fetch a piece, said Jane; you have lost all my time listening to your nonsensical story about the pony,—and it's false after all.

Mary left the room with no very apparent marks of haste, and re-

turned, after being absent about twice as long as she needed to have been, with a piece of tape and a bodkin.

What a time you have been gone, Mary! You know what a hurry I am in, and yet you move as if there was an hour to spare. I *desire* you to be quick.

Mary did not at all approve the emphasis on the word *desire;* and replied—that if young ladies broke their strings, and did not mend them in proper time, it was no fault of hers.

But it is your fault that you don't

mend it now, said Jane, growing more and more angry. I told you to make haste; and I tell you now to make haste, and you don't attend to me; you have a right to obey my commands, and I insist upon your putting in the string directly.

Mary said she was not accustomed to be talked to in that way; and if she was a servant, that was no reason she was to put up with fancies and ill humours. She should certainly run the string into the frock, but she should also complain to her mistress of Miss Jane's behaviour.

And I shall tell Mamma of your

impertinence, replied Jane. What are you about now? Why don't you tack the string?

I did not bring a needle and thread, replied Mary.

Then go and fetch one directly, said Jane—now completely angry. How very stupid you are, Mary! I shall not get down stairs till dinner is half over;—I wish I had not stopped to listen to your foolish story, and then I should have been ready.

Mary bounced out of the room, muttering between her teeth; and on her return finished her task with a very ill grace.

When Jane entered the dining-room, dinner, as she had anticipated, was half over. Her father asked her why she was so late.

Papa, said Jane, it was the pony; that is, I was hearing about the pony.

The relation must have lasted a long time, said her mother; for it is an hour since we came in.

An hour, Mamma! I think you must mistake.

No, indeed Jane, I do not mistake; you have been up-stairs an hour. Who told you about the pony?

Mary, Mamma, answered Jane.

What a fine orator Mary must be, said William, laughing, to be able to entertain you a whole hour about a pony!

But I was dressing part of the time, William; and Mary talked about other things, besides the pony.

Get your dinner now, Jane, said her father. I am sorry you can find no better employment than listening to the gossip of maid-servants.

Jane went on with her dinner in silence. She ate so fast, in order not to keep all at table waiting,

that she swallowed every mouthful almost without mastication; and, to say the truth, she cut her food into very large pieces, in order to save time. As it was, she did not finish till some minutes after the rest of the party; she felt very uncomfortable, to be the only person eating, for she fancied every one must be looking at her.

The conversation of the party turning again upon the pony and the poor child, Mr. Howard told William to go to the cottage, and inquire how it was.

He soon returned with the infor-

mation that the child was better; and that Mr. and Mrs. Smith were both there, apparently very much interested about the little boy.

Mrs. Smith appears a very nice woman, Mamma; she inquired for you, and said, as she walked home, she would call on you to thank you for sending for the surgeon.

Are you sure she is walking, William? eagerly inquired Jane.

I saw no carriage, he answered; and I think she said — As I walk home; she might say, As I return — I cannot precisely remember her exact words.

She never walks, I know, said Jane; and always lies in bed till twelve; and lies on the sofa all day for fear her ancles should swell.

That may be, said William; but if she be a lazy person, she is very kind to children.

You are quite mistaken there, continued Jane; she can't bear her own children; and only sees them now and then. All this Jane uttered with great volubility and a very important air, as if she were imparting a most extraordinary and interesting piece of intelligence.

I know nothing further about her

than what I saw just now, replied William; she had the poor child on her lap, and was talking very kindly to it, telling the woman, as soon as it was sufficiently recovered, to bring it to her house, when she would give it some clothes.

But I know more about her than you do, William, because I heard it from one who was told it by a person who is very often at Mrs. Smith's house.

And pray, Jane, asked Mrs. Howard, who may these friends of yours be, that have given you all this valuable information?

Not friends, Mamma, said Jane, colouring, and looking a little displeased; I do not call the person who told me about Mrs. Smith, a friend. It was Mary;—a servant is not my friend.

You put a servant upon a level with yourself when you listen to them upon such subjects. Vulgar curiosity is common to the uneducated; it generally employs the thoughts of those who have no higher occupation for their minds: but I should have expected you could have found better employment than either listening to, or

retailing such idle and mischievous tales as you have just related.

But, said Mr. Howard, it seems that Mary has a friend who is a visitor at Mrs. Smith's; and consequently an acquaintance of both the ladies:—a *very kind friend* too, evidently, from the nature of her information.

Who may this be, Jane?

Jane was obliged to confess that the washerwoman was her authority.

Upon my word, Jane, said her father, I did not give you credit for such taste! Come boys, let's go;

I really cannot stay any longer to hear what the washerwoman says.

John stayed behind to tell Jane he congratulated her upon her receipt for small ancles; and recommended her to look carefully at Mrs. Smith's, that she might discover whether the recipe was a good one.

Jane was too much ashamed and provoked to reply to her brother; but said, as soon as he left the room: John may laugh as much as he pleases, but he likes to hear about people quite as much as I do; he often talks to Robert about

the Master Bennets, whether they ride well, and whether they can leap; and then he asks M. Duval how they go on with French, and what books they read.

Useless curiosity is equally reprehensible in him as in you, remarked Mrs. Howard; but there is a species of inquiry which tends to good, rather than evil; John is emulous of equalling, or excelling the Master Bennets in the pursuits which employ them as well as himself;—but I think John would not ask if they wore coats or jackets, or whether they dined at one or at four. Anxiety

to be acquainted with the affairs of others is a failing which is unfortunately very prevalent among females:—you, Jane, are so fond of acquiring this species of information, that it draws you into improper familiarity with servants, and induces you to throw away time, which, if employed in gratifying laudable curiosity, would lead to very different results.

Here the door opened; Mary herself entered with a very long face, and asked if she could speak to her mistress.

Certainly, Mary, replied Mrs.

Howard. Do you wish to speak to me alone?

O dear no, Ma'am, said Mary; I can speak all I have to say before the young ladies; and she went on:—I am sorry to complain, Ma'am; but really Miss Jane behaved so improperly to me this morning, and used language that I have never been accustomed to, Ma'am, that I am come to say I can not put up with it, Ma'am.

I do not wish you to be submitted to any thing of the kind, Mary, said Mrs. Howard; I was not aware that Miss Jane could so misconduct

herself. Let me hear further particulars.

Why, Ma'am, said Mary, Miss Jane did not begin to dress till dinner was upon table; and because the string of her frock was broken, and she was late, she called me stupid and impertinent: said she *desired*, and *insisted* that I should be quick, and that I had a right to obey her commands. Now, Ma'am, I'm sure I never refuse to do any thing for either of the young ladies; but, I must say, I don't like to be treated like a slave; and I told Miss Jane I should speak to you.

What have you to say to all this, Jane? inquired Mrs. Howard.

Why, Mamma, I certainly did use those words; but, then, Mary would not make haste; the more I hurried, the slower she was, and that made me angry. But she was angry first, because the long story she told about the pony was not true; Caroline said so, and I said so; and then, out of revenge, she kept me as long as she possibly could; and she certainly was impertinent for —

No, Miss, interrupted Mary, begging your pardon for contradicting

you; I only said, that if young ladies did not mend their strings in proper time, it was no fault of mine.

And that was exceedingly impertinent, repeated Jane, angrily.

Mary seemed again about to reply, but Mrs. Howard interrupted her, by saying—

I beg I may hear no altercation of this kind. There appears to have been fault on both sides. You, Mary, related an exaggerated account of the accident. I shall not permit Miss Jane to speak improperly to you; neither shall I allow you to address her in

a manner unbecoming your situation; and let me recommend you to curb your love of gossip, and to adhere to the strict truth in your narratives, be they addressed to whom they may. I shall take care to correct Miss Jane for her misconduct. You may now leave the room.

The quiet determination of Mrs. Howard's manner was unanswerable; the truth and good sense of her remarks were neither to be denied or contended with: Mary felt this; and respectfully and silently withdrew.

You see, Jane, continued Mrs. Howard, addressing her daughter, what you have drawn upon yourself by a love of gossip. You passed an hour in listening to an idle tale, the true particulars of which you might have learned in five minutes.

But, Mamma, said Jane, I knew nothing of the accident until I got up-stairs; and hearing the servants talking of something very shocking, and seeing them look very frightened, it was natural that I should wish to know what had happened; I could not help Mary's making it

a long story, or saying what was false, you know, Mamma.

But, replied Mrs. Howard, you need not have listened to her description of Mrs. Smith, nor to her remarks; and had you exercised your own understanding, you would instantly have perceived the exaggeration of the detail: I conclude that Mary made many surmises and observations; I dare say she did not confine herself to a simple statement of the particulars.

No, Mamma, she did not, replied Jane.

Then you might have concluded

that she was probably incorrect; and did you not ask questions, and encourage her by an appearance of curiosity and interest?

Yes, Mamma, said Jane.

Did you possess yourself of a single circumstance that was useful to you, or valuable in any way?

No, Mamma, quite the contrary, said Jane, for it seems I did not hear a word of truth.

And if all that you heard had been true, continued Mrs. Howard, would the information have been of any use to you?

Jane said she thought not.

Then how completely may the time you passed in listening to Mary be called misspent time! and what has this misspent time brought upon you? first, familiarity with your servant; next, a loss of temper, and consequently a loss of good manners; thus drawing upon yourself the contempt of that servant; then you were too late for dinner, by which you were wanting in respect to your parents; you next incurred the ridicule of your father and brothers, by relating the absurd and vulgar tittle-tattle of a washerwoman, and thereby assisted

in injuring the character of an amiable woman.

But, Mamma, said Jane, there are many things we are obliged to talk to servants about, and I recollect your remarking upon Mrs. and the Miss Charleville's treatment of their servants as highly improper; for they, you know, speak to them with far less kindness than they do to those dogs and cats that are always running under one's feet and jumping into one's lap.

There are extremes in all things, Jane; and you may adopt it as a general rule that extremes are

always bad. In order that you may fully understand the manner in which I would wish you to treat domestics, I will explain the reasons why they are not to be made your companions, and why they are not to be made your slaves. From the want of education, and frequently from an early neglect of moral instruction, the ideas and habits of servants are vulgar, and often vicious, (although I am happy to say there are many instances to the contrary;) and for these reasons servants ought not to be allowed a familiarity which leads young people, whose minds

are peculiarly open to new impressions, to adopt the prejudice, the exaggeration, and the vulgar modes of expression, which are the results and the accompaniments of ignorance. On the other hand, servants, though not born to the same advantages of station and fortune as yourself, are blessed with the same senses, the same feelings, and are equally under the care of the Being who created you. Education makes the real and the highest distinction between you; while a servant performs the duties allotted to her, and maintains her respectability by

general good conduct, she is equally respectable with yourself, and your behaviour towards her should show that you acknowledge that respectability, although the difference of situation and education forbid a familiarity, which would be equally dangerous to both parties; and, remember, that although servants are paid for their services, money alone cannot reward them for the many little acts of kindness they have it in their power to render you; but these are best repaid by a steady attention to their comforts, a due consideration of their feelings, an

endeavour to raise, not lower their understandings, a proper acknowledgment of their services, and a steady but mild disapprobation of misconduct. Now, I will ask you, if you had thus regulated your own behaviour this morning, would Mary have treated you disrespectfully?

No, Mamma, I think not; but I really believe that the beginning of all the evil, was my not writing my French exercise yesterday morning.

It shews, then, how important is every moment of time, and that the misemployment or the loss of one

short hour will lead to bad consequences for days, or perhaps years. But I cannot think that not writing an exercise was the cause of your gossiping with Mary.

No, Mamma, it was the cause of my strings being broken, and that was the reason Mary behaved ill to me; for I did not speak improperly to her until she put herself out of temper with me.

And I think you said she put herself out of temper because her relation of the accident was greatly exaggerated? Now, if you had not listened to her, this would not have

happened; and, therefore, I must still think that the time you employed in hearing her detail, was misspent, and produced the evils I complain of. Now, hear how Caroline has conducted herself under nearly the same circumstances—the same, at least, as concerned the commencement of the affair. She also heard the servants speaking of the accident, and inquired what had happened. One of them told her that a man had driven over Mrs. Walker's child, and that they believed it must be killed. Caroline asked no further particulars, as she instantly perceived that they

were only partially acquainted with the affair, and therefore she was not likely to obtain from them a correct account. She went to the cottage, saw the child, and being unable to ascertain the extent of the injury, although she perceived the child was not dangerously hurt, she returned to ask me to send for the surgeon. Mr. Smith's man-servant, hearing that one of our family had been to the cottage, came here to explain the cause of the accident, and exculpate himself from the blame which had unjustly been ascribed to him. Yet Caroline was

ready for dinner; and the time she spent in listening to the relation, was well and beneficially employed; for she not only procured medical aid, but was present during the examination of the child, and has, I doubt not, procured some information which will eventually be useful to her.

Mamma, said Jane, Caroline is very thoughtful and prudent, much more so, indeed, than most people that are even older than herself. I fear I shall never be like her.

Tell me, Jane, asked Mrs. Howard, what has made Caroline thus thoughtful and prudent?

It is her nature to be so, I suppose, Mamma, replied Jane.

No, my dear, we are all originally, or, as you term it, by nature, ignorant and untaught. *Time* only can make us otherwise; and it is by the employment of *time* that we become more or less good, more or less wise, more or less informed, more or less circumspect. Industry (which is only another term for the profitable employment of time) is of many kinds. It not only means the work of the hands, or the means by which a tangible or perceptible end is obtained——

Here Jane interrupted her mother. Mamma, I don't quite understand you now.

I will endeavour to explain myself. A poor man is called industrious who works daily and hourly, as a labourer, a mechanic, a weaver, and thereby earns a weekly sum of money. A man of fortune may be considered industrious, who fulfils the duties of his situation regularly and profitably. A merchant or a tradesman is called industrious who devotes his time to his business, thereby enlarging his means and accumulating wealth. Their earnings

or profits are what I call the perceptible and tangible ends of industry.

But there is also an industry of mind and feeling, which is the result of a right employment of every instant of our existence. The effects of this mental industry are not perceived, or felt, as we perceive or feel the earnings of what I may call bodily industry. The former is a powerful assistant to the latter. Industry of thought will lead to good sense, to a judicious employment of our faculties, to correct reasoning, and activity of mind, and, as the

result of all these, to general good conduct.

By industry of feeling, I do not mean an excitable sensibility, which *only feels,* but an active perception of what is due or necessary to others, whether it concerns affection, charity, politeness, or what ought so peculiarly to be found in a woman—the wish and the power to aid the helpless, to soothe the suffering, to comfort the afflicted, and to nurse the sick. The industrious-minded are always upon the watch to collect and to preserve all the useful information that may fall

in their way; and there are few things, however trivial, which do not, sooner or later, prove advantageous. And these little things are obtained by habitual activity or industry of mind. Those who accustom themselves to a mechanical performance of their duties, to an inactivity of thought and feeling, lose, or rather never acquire, the energy that leads to excellence; they become the receptacles and the propagators of mischievous scandals, the prey of idle thoughts, and the victims of idle habits; and if they do no evil (which is scarcely to

be hoped), they do no good; they are the drones amongst the bees. Industry is happiness. I am quite ready to allow that the bad are often active in doing evil; but was their time well employed in youth? Were their thoughts, their feelings, their energies, directed to good and useful ends? Did they acquire habits of industry?—No. Had they been so directed, the result would have been virtue—not vice.

Women, most especially, are required to exercise mental habits of industry more than bodily; they are not as often called upon to earn

their livelihood as men are; but they are as frequently required to think wisely and to act discreetly. It is the apparently trifling affairs of life that belong to the occupations and the attention of women; but upon the regular and sensible fulfilment of these trifling matters depends their own present and future happiness, and the welfare of those connected with them. You have heard the old axiom which relates to economy in money—"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." I shall alter two words, and say, Take care of the

minutes, and the years will take care of themselves;* and depend upon it, that economy in time is equally important as economy in money. However, my dear Jane, I will say no more now upon this subject, and shall trust that your own good sense will lead you, henceforth, to avoid such errors.

* After the manuscript had been sent to the printer, I discovered that Miss Edgeworth has employed and altered this adage much in the same way, in her admirable tale of "The Good French Governess." I prefer acknowledging the unintentional plagiarism to expunging the passage, since the application is not precisely similar.

Jane said she would endeavour to profit by her mother's excellent advice and Caroline's good example; which resolution she kept for several days, applying herself regularly to her duties, and constantly employing herself in some rational or healthful sport.

We must now see how John goes on with his net. He worked very hard, and having completed the part intended for the hind quarters of the horse, he desired Robert to bring out the poney, that he might be fitted with his new covering. The net, however, was so small, that it

looked perfectly ridiculous. Jane and William, who were looking on, could not help laughing, and even the obsequious Robert was seen to smile, as he said—

Indeed, Sir, I doubt it will not do; it is beautiful work, to be sure, Sir, but——

You forget there is to be a fringe, said John impatiently, I told you I should make a fringe; you must be very stupid not to know that every net has a fringe.

I beg pardon, Sir, said Robert, I certainly did forget the fringe.

But your fringe must be as broad

as the net itself, said William, to make it in any way large enough.

You none of you know any thing about the matter, said John, getting more and more angry; for he perceived that his time and labour were both thrown away, although he was unwilling to confess it even to himself. Jane, he then said, call Caroline; tell her I want her this very minute.

Caroline soon came into the stable-yard, and after looking at the net, she said quietly, No, John, it wont do indeed. I feared you would not not make it large enough.

Remember there's to be a fringe, Caroline.

I do remember it, but nothing can make it large enough.

John twitched the net off the poney's back, and, whisking it backwards and forwards, exclaimed, I wish I had never begun the stupid thing.

The pony, frightened by the slashing of the net before his eyes, stepped suddenly back, and before Caroline could get out of his way, set his hoof upon her instep, and hurt her so much, that it was with great pain and difficulty, assisted as she was

by her brothers and her sister, she could reach the house. It was found, on examination, that her foot was considerably bruised, and that it would be necessary for her to lay it up to avoid inflammation. John could not express his grief and vexation; but he attributed all the evil to the net, wishing he had never seen such a thing, and regretting that he had ever thought of making one.

I do not wish, said Caroline to him when they were alone, to increase your vexation, or to upbraid you as the cause of the accident;

but if you would have taken my advice, and waited for a pattern, it most probably would never have occurred. All the time you have employed about that net has been entirely thrown away.

I see it, Caroline, I see it all now, he replied, but I was so anxious to get it done!

I know that, John; but you are now no nearer the end than you were at first.

It's all very true, Caroline; and I never shall be nearer the end, for I never will begin another as long as I—

O, stop, said Caroline, putting

her hand before his mouth, don't say so ;. you are vexed and angry now—make no resolutions until you have recovered your temper.

I can't recover my temper while I see you lying there with your poor foot bandaged up, said John, the tears coming into his eyes ; and if I were to make a net, I could never be able to bear the sight of it, for having been the cause of so much suffering to you.

But, indeed, John, (though I don't say so to vex you,) your own impatience, and not the net, was the cause of my suffering. Now, if

you'll get a pattern I'll help you; for as I cannot walk out, or hang my foot down, I shall want some employment.

Thank you, my dear kind sister, said John. I'll run and ask Robert where I can borrow a pattern.

Robert said he thought the sadler with whom his father dealt would have no objection to lend one; and John set off to the sadler's, who was, however, out of town, and his apprentice could give Master Howard no answer. John turned back much disappointed, and sauntered home, now looking into this window, now

into the other. And thus he (what is called) dawdled away a good half hour. Amongst other things he read a printed bill, setting forth the wondrous performance of some fleas, and that they were now exhibiting at a house in the market. John ran home and obtained his father's consent to go and see these extraordinary fleas. He returned full of the wonders he had seen, and related how the fleas dragged a carriage, a man-of-war, waltzed, played upon musical instruments, and performed various other exploits. He described the curious contrivances, and the minute

workmanship displayed in the harness, and all the apparatus by which the insects were confined, and enabled, or rather obliged to work.

After he had ended his description, he asked his father if the man who had made all this machinery must not be very industrious and clever.

Very industrious, certainly, replied Mr. Howard, and he must also be a skilful workman; but I am not inclined to think highly of his ability.

Surely, father, said William, he must be clever to contrive and execute his ideas so well.

He is ingenious, answered Mr.

Howard, but a want of ability is manifested in the application of his ingenuity, or rather, I should say the *mis*application. Have his industry, ingenuity, and perseverance produced any useful machinery—any inventions or contrivances likely to benefit mankind ?

Why, no, Papa, said William, laughing, I don't think a machine to make fleas work will ever be of much service to the world.

Let them work as hard as they will, and in as large numbers as they will, continued Mr. Howard, I fear they will never supersede the use of

steam, water, horses, men, or even dogs.

But, Papa, I heard the man tell a lady, who asked him what had induced him to turn his attention to such an extraordinary subject, that he was prompted by his love of science.

Mr. Howard laughed. He may dignify his pursuit by the use of fine words, but I cannot perceive that any advantage would be rendered to science from his labours. Would not the same quantity of ingenuity and industry, well applied, have produced some beneficial result to society?

Indeed, I should think so, replied William.

But, continued John, this man makes a great deal of money by the exhibition, and that is a benefit to himself.

I dare say he does, replied Mr. Howard; but the question is, whether he would not have made as large, or even a larger sum, by a more useful and consequently higher employment of his talents? And do you not feel a greater respect for the individual who invented this simple pair of snuffers, than for him who, however elaborate and beautiful

might be his work, could only teach fleas to walk instead of jump?

Certainly, papa.

Just read this extract from the Penny Magazine, it is a case in point; and though the subject be here termed misapplied labour, we may very fairly also call it misapplied time:—"In all ages, the love of overcoming great difficulties, without any proportionate end in view, has prevailed in a greater or less degree. Some notice of a few of these 'impertinences,' (as they have been quaintly termed) may not be unentertaining to the reader. In

No. 285 of the Philosophical Transactions, Dr. Oliver gives an account of a cherry-stone seen by him, in 1687, on which were carved 124 heads, so distinctly, that the naked eye could distinguish those belonging to popes, emperors, and kings, by their mitres and crowns. It was bought in Russia for 300*l.* and thence conveyed to England, where it was considered an object of so much value, that its possession was disputed, and became the subject of a suit in Chancery. In ages far more remote, we are told of a chariot of ivory, constructed by Mermecides,

which was so small that a fly could cover it with his wing; and also of a ship, formed of the same materials, which could be hidden under the wing of a bee. Pliny tells us that the Iliad of Homer, an epic poem of 15,000 verses, was written in so small a space as to be contained in a nut-shell; while Elian mentions an artist who wrote a distich in letters of gold, which he enclosed in the rind of a grain of corn. In our own country, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, similar feats of penmanship were performed. The Harleian MS. 530, mentions

'a rare piece of work brought to pass by Peter Bales, an Englishman, a clerk of Chancery;' this was the whole Bible contained 'in a large English walnut, no bigger than a hen's egg; the nut holdeth the book; there are as many leaves in his book as in the great Bible, and he hath written as much in one of his little leaves, as a great leaf of the Bible.' This wonderful performance, we are informed, 'was seen by thousands.' In the Curiosities of Literature we meet with many other accounts of similar ingenious exploits, which shew what perseverance may

effect, although they lead us to regret that so much industry and talent should have been so ill bestowed.

" There is a drawing of the head of Charles II. in the library of St. John's College at Oxford, wholly composed of minute-written characters, which at a small distance resemble the lines of an engraving. The lines of the head and the ruff are said to contain the Book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. In the British Museum is a portrait of Queen Anne, not much above the size of the hand. On this

drawing are a number of lines and scratches, which, it is asserted, include the whole contents of a thin folio, which is there also to be seen.

"The present age does not offer so many proofs of ill-directed industry and frivolous performances. Some object of utility is now generally proposed; and the rapid improvements which are daily being made in every branch of art, and the continual additions we in consequence receive to our means of comfort and convenience, seem to prove that the pursuits of the inge-

nious are more generally directed to objects of real benefit.

"It is not enough to exert industry and perseverance; these are but the tools with which we work out some great end. The mind must be enlightened to direct and use these tools to good purpose, for the advantage of the workman, and for the general good."

From these remarks, said William, we may then conclude, that time or labour are ill or well employed or applied, according to the good produced.

Yes, said his father; and those

whose industry produces the most happiness to others, will command the greatest respect, always provided they are virtuous as well as clever, because virtue should always rank above talent. Therefore, my boys, I would have you consider before you enter upon any new pursuit, whether the end will be worthy the means."

The following morning John again repaired to the sadler's, but with the same want of success; and as he entered the garden gate on his return home, he saw William talking to a boy who had a pair of live pigeons in his hand.

What are you doing ? asked John.

This boy wants to sell these pigeons, replied William, and papa has given me leave to buy them. Will you go shares, John ?

I should like it of all things. What do you ask for them, boy ?

Two shillings, sir, replied the boy.

We can keep them in the old pigeon-loft, said William; they are very handsome. Well, John, will you join?

Oh yes, said John, and there's my shilling.

And there's mine, said William. Do you carry one, and I'll take the other; we'll lock them up in the loft, and then we'll go to work and learn all about them.

Learn about them, repeated John, what do you mean?

Oh, there's a great deal to be learned about pigeons; they are very

curious birds. Come along, I know all about it—that is, I know where to find all about it.

The pigeons were deposited in the loft, and William despatched his brother to buy some peas to feed them upon, while he looked out the books he wanted.

Look here, said William, when John came back, our pigeons are tumblers; read this description. John read, and then declared these pigeons would afford them plenty of fun (the term which, amongst boys, usually designates amusement). But, William, how

do we know they'll come back again, if we let them out of the loft?

We must allow them to get used to the place, and feed them well; and at first we must let out only one at a time. Have you got the peas? O, yes, I see you have; but I find old tares are the best kind of food, and next to these, horse-beans; we may give them wheat, barley, oats, peas, rape, canary, and hemp-seed occasionally. Do just run again, and get some tares or beans, and some hemp-seed; for if we give them what they like they will be more likely to

come back to the loft when we let them out.

When John again returned, they proceeded to the loft to feed the pigeons; William, in his researches, having discovered that cleanliness was very important to their welfare, they brushed out the loft, strewed gravel on the shelves and floor, and placed some water in a pan. William then told his brother they must have a trap; it was quite necessary with tumblers, and they could make one by consulting the directions in the Boy's Book. The Boy's Book was therefore conned

over, and the plan of operation laid.

When the boys joined the rest of the family at tea, Caroline inquired for the net; and John explained, that he could not see the sadler till the morning.

If you have nothing particular to do, Caroline, will you, said Jane, after tea, hear me read over my French translation. I have written it from memory on my slate, and I want you to take the book in your hand, and see if I am correct.

Caroline willingly assented to her sister's request; and as soon as

tea was over, Jane went into the study to fetch the slate and book. Her brothers had gone up before her, and she found them in earnest discussion about the pigeon-trap. Attracted by their conversation, she lingered with the slate and book in her hand; and, delighted to hear they had bought a pair of pigeons, she stopped to learn the whole story.

William, she said, if you want to know about pigeons, I dare say you can learn a great deal from that pretty book Caroline was reading; it's called the Architecture of Birds.

I know the book you mean, said William, where is it?

Jane laid the slate down upon the chair nearest her, and ran to fetch the book from the breakfast-room. On her return they anxiously examined it.

No, said William, there is nothing here of any use to us.

But stay, William, cried Jane, there is something about pigeons; they are platform builders, and——

I know that, interrupted William; but what we want now is to learn the method of managing tame pigeons.

I'm sure this must be very amusing,

nevertheless, said Jane, though it is only about wild pigeons. O, here's a print of the dear little turtle dove's nest. I wish I had a pair of turtle doves! And here's a very long account of the American passenger pigeon:—and in a few minutes Jane was buried in the relation, and drawing a chair that stood behind her, towards her with her foot, she sat down, not, however, taking her eyes off the book.

In about ten minutes, John, who had left the room, returned—Caroline wants to know, Jane, if you are coming with your exercise.

O dear, yes! said Jane, not looking up from her book, tell her I'll come in a minute.

But Jane went on till she had finished the whole account of the Platform Builders, when she took her slate off the chair, and ran in great haste to Caroline, whom she found reading aloud to her mother.

You must wait now, Jane, said Mrs. Howard, till Caroline has finished.

Jane listened, but found she did not very well understand what her sister was reading, so she fetched her work-box, and sat down to sew:—

but she could not find her thimble; she rummaged her own box, then her sister's, and was proceeding to her mother's, when the latter said—

Pray Jane be quiet, and don't make such a rustling.

Mamma, she whispered, have you seen my thimble ?

No, Jane, was the reply.

She then crept upon the floor, searching in every corner, and ended by turning over all the cushions of the sofa upon which her sister was lying.

O Jane, cried Caroline, you hurt

me; you have tumbled that heavy bolster on my foot.

I beg your pardon, dear, said Jane, I did not mean to be so careless; but I cannot find my thimble any where, and I thought it might have fallen behind some of these cushions.

Did you say that you did not mean to have been so careless as to hurt your sister, or to lose your thimble? asked her mother.

I did not intend to hurt Caroline, Mamma, answered Jane.

I must now beg you to be quiet, continued Mrs. Howard, for you

are not only losing your own time, but mine and your sister's also.

But what can I do, Mamma? I can't sit still, doing nothing; I can't sew, because I have lost my thimble; and I can't read, because Caroline is reading; so what can I do?

You may have my thimble, said Caroline, only take care to put it into my work-box when you have done with it.

Jane promised this, and she sat down to sew; but in a few minutes she was again searching in her box, and next lifting up all the things on the table.

What's the matter now ? inquired her mother.

I want my reel of cotton, Mamma; I know I took it out of the box with my work; may I have a candle to look for it.

Her request was granted; and she was again creeping about on the floor, until she found the reel of cotton. But Jane was now thoroughly idle, and she sat with her work in her hand, looking about her; threading and unthreading her needle, which she passed through her emery cushion every dozen stitches. At length her at-

tention was attracted by a moth, which, flying round the candle, occasionally singed its wings. Jane tried again and again to catch it, and at last making a sudden dart at it, she knocked the candle down upon her work, which was a cambric handkerchief, and before she could lift up the candle, the cambric was so much scorched that it was entirely spoiled.

Mrs. Howard looked very grave, and so did Jane, as she examined the greasy brown spot upon her work. I think it will wash out, Mamma; and as she spoke she

put her finger under the spot, which immediately burst into a hole.

I need not observe, Jane, said her mother, that all this is the fruit of idleness; that handkerchief cost three shillings and sixpence; you have passed the last hour in hemming half one side, and have ended by burning your work, and covering the table with tallow. Caroline, my dear, will you hear her read the French translation, that she may go to bed, for she had much better be asleep than doing nothing, or worse than nothing.

Jane was very sorry, and would

have excused herself, could she have found an excuse; but as this was impossible, she carried the book to her sister, and took the slate to the light, in order to read her translation; but not one word was visible.

Why it's all rubbed out! she exclaimed. Who could have been so ill-natured as to rub out my translation?

It has not been done in this room, said her mother; you laid it down on that table, whence you now took it, and no one has been near it; indeed, you know there

has been nobody in the room but ourselves.

It was done in the study, then, said Jane; Dear me! I recollect now, I dare say I did it myself; for I remember I took it off the chair on which I had been sitting.

But how came it upon the chair? asked her mother.

Jane then related how she had taken it out of the closet to bring it down, but attracted by her brother's conversation, she had laid it on a chair; and forgetting all about it, had sat down on it whilst she was reading.

Loss of time again, Jane! observed Mrs. Howard.

No, Mamma, I must beg your pardon for contradicting you; but, indeed, I was not losing my time; I was reading a very entertaining instructive account of Platform Builders.

Well, Jane, I will change my expression; your time was not lost, but it was neither judiciously nor regularly employed. We will go back to the beginning.—You asked Caroline to hear you read over your translation?

Yes, Mamma, and I went into

the study to fetch my slate and books.

But, continued Mrs. Howard, instead of bringing them immediately, you loitered to hear your brother's conversation——

About their pigeons, Mamma, interrupted Jane; and then I went to fetch a book which I thought would give them the information they wanted.

It was well meant, but while you were assisting them, you forgot that Caroline was waiting for you.—What happened next?

I began to read the account

myself, Mamma, and was so much interested, I did not remember my translation.

What do you think you ought to have done?

I ought to have brought my translation to Caroline; for I could have read about the pigeons afterwards.

And then you would not have lost your sister's time, nor disturbed us so often about your thimble and cotton; you would not have burned the handkerchief, nor greased the tablecloth; neither would your translation have been rubbed out.

As it is, you must write it again; all of which time will be lost time. I shall not allow you to sit up beyond your usual hour, because your health is of as much, or more, importance than your instruction; therefore, you must incur the displeasure of your master, and endure any punishment which he may think right to adjudge you.

I can't possibly finish it before I go to bed, unless you allow me to sit up, Mamma, said Jane; and he comes at nine to-morrow morning. I am so sorry—

Are you convinced, asked Mrs.

Howard, of the true cause of your regret?

O yes, Mamma, I see it all; but I can't help it now; I can't recover the lost time.

No, Jane; and as you grow older, you will daily and hourly be more convinced of this fact, provided you grow wiser as you grow older; and, remember, it is only a judicious and sensible employment of time that will make you wiser.

If Mamma likes, said Caroline, I will write the translation from your dictation; it will then be done more quickly.

O, thank you, Caroline, it will indeed; for you can write three times as fast as I can; may we do so, Mamma?

Mrs. Howard consented; and they had just begun, when William came to ask Jane to go up stairs with him, to sew something that he particularly wanted to have done directly.

I can't, indeed, William; I have no time now.

You never have time for anything, I think, said William; now Caroline would have time, I know, only there she lays, poor girl, and can't stir.

I'm very sorry, but I really can't do it for you now, repeated Jane; Caroline is helping me as it is, or I should not be able to finish my translation; so pray don't interrupt us.

How long will you be? asked William.

Indeed I can't say, replied Jane, I will make all the haste I can;—and William left the room.

With Caroline's assistance, the translation was finished just five minutes before Jane's bed-time.—Mrs. Howard then said to her—

You see, my dear child, what manifold evils and regrets loss of

time, or misemployment of time, produces: you are generally anxious and happy to oblige your brothers, but you were unable to do so this evening in consequence of your first error;—another proof that economy in time may rationally be compared to economy in money. Solomon has said, "He that is slothful in his work, is brother to him that is a great waster:" those who waste or spend all their wealth unwisely, will be unable to assist the indigent, however they may desire to do so; and those who waste or throw away their time,

will find no opportunity of serving others, however many occasions may offer, and however strong may be their inclinations.

Before you go to bed, let me entreat you to make the employment of your time a matter of thought, and a matter of duty.

A learned bishop has somewhere said—"We take no account of time, but by the loss of it. The clock which strikes informs us, not that we have so much in our possession, but that so much is gone from us; for which reason, it hath been styled the knell of a departed hour, which rings out for the death of another

portion of our time—admonishing us to make a better use of that which remains. *The present moment only is our own.*—As to the future, God alone knows whether they will ever be present to us; and for the past, they are never more to return."

He then goes on to lay down a few short rules for the management and improvement of time :—

"First, *Observe a method in the distribution of your time.* Every hour will then know its proper employment, and no time will be lost. Idleness will be shut out at every avenue, and with her that numerous

body of vices that make up her train.

"Secondly, *Be moderate in your recreations.*

"Lastly, *Examine, every evening, how you have spent the day.*"

And this last rule, my dear Jane, if regularly and conscientiously practised, would make you better, wiser, and, consequently, happier. You cannot recall time past—you cannot undo what you have done; but reflecting on that which is gone by, will lead you to correct your former faults, avoid your former errors, and confirm you in

virtue, and in the exercise of virtuous habits.

When Jane laid her head on her pillow that night, before going to sleep, she adopted her mother's advice, and reflected on the manner in which she had passed the day. She could scarcely believe that she had passed so many *idle* hours, *useless* hours, and hours *productive of evil.* The bad did indeed greatly outweigh the good, and she determined to bear in mind that Time is the most valuable thing in the world; and that the good or evil of her life depended upon the use she made

of it. She felt both unhappy and happy—unhappy, that she should have wasted so much of her life—happy, that she was roused to a sense of her errors, while she had yet, she hoped, time to amend.

William and John rose the next morning earlier than usual, to feed their pigeons, and to make the trap, which they had ascertained to be "indispensable to the tumblers—for without it the pigeon-fancier would not have a sufficient control over his birds, and could not confine them after their flight, or whenever he considered it advisable to do so." The

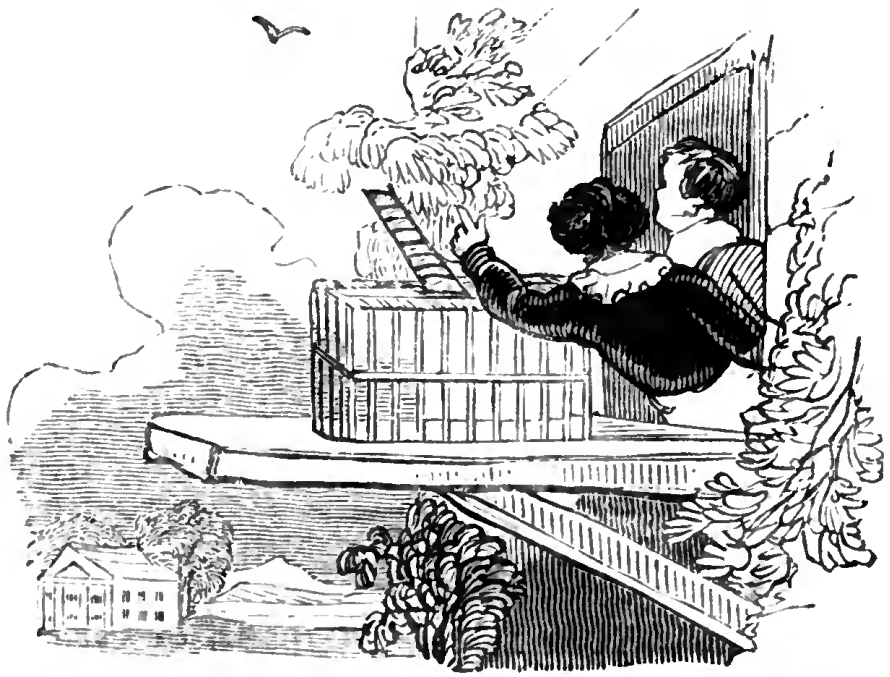
construction of this trap required some assistance from the carpenter, to whom they repaired; but he having a job in hand which he was obliged to finish, they appointed to go to him again at twelve o'clock. They only just got home in time for breakfast, and were obliged to hurry their meal, in order to prepare the lessons which ought to have been ready before breakfast. The consequence was, they were not as perfect as usual. After the morning studies were over, John ran into the breakfast-room to beg Caroline or Jane to make them some canvas

bags to keep their seeds, peas, and beans in. Caroline asked when she was to have the pattern net. I can't go now, replied John, we are so very busy;—and off he ran, after William, to the carpenter's, where they remained till dinner-time, and all their leisure hours were so passed until the trap was finished. After the pigeons had been cooped up about ten days, they determined one fine bright morning upon letting one out.

This was the interesting moment —to ascertain by the flight of the bird whether it was of the best kind. The pigeon rose; and, as it began

to rise, tumbled, then soared so high, as to be almost imperceptible; after a while, descended, and, in its descent, tumbled again; but it never tumbled but when beginning to rise, or when it was coming down to pitch. The boys stood gazing in the sky—their heads turned up, and not taking their eyes off the pigeon, except when the glare of the sun obliged them to look away. After the pigeon had been about an hour on the wing, they began to be anxious to recall it. They gave the pigeon-call, to which they had accustomed the birds whenever they fed them, and which

was a shrill, long, and loud whistle, spreading, at the same time, on the floor of the trap, some of the most favourite food. But in vain did they whistle—in vain did they spread the tempting bait; the bird had been so long a prisoner, that it seemed fully determined to enjoy to the utmost



it's dearly-prized liberty. The first dinner-bell rang.—Hang the bird, said William, it won't come back in time for dinner.

It's a little like the dog in the manger, said John, laughing—wont eat its own dinner, nor yet let us eat ours.

We must not go away till it's home, John, said William; for as this is the first trial, how do we know whether it means to come back at all?—Stop; I do think it's coming.

Just at this instant the bird pitched, and William whistled; it hovered over the trap, then rose,

tumbled, and soared higher than ever.

The flight of Time was again forgotten in the flight of the bird, so perfect was its behaviour. It had now joined a party from a neighbouring pigeon-loft, and seemed wholly indifferent to its master's whistle, its mate, and its dainty fare.

The boys became very impatient; but the bird was now too far off either to hear or see them. The second dinner-bell rang.

What shall we do? asked John.

We shall lose the bird if we leave it, replied William. Do you go to

dinner, and tell them I don't want any.

No; do you go, and let me stop for the bird, said John.

I don't in the least care about my dinner, repeated William; besides, I should like to see what this thing means to do.

But so should I like to see, said John.

I'm the eldest, and have the right to choose, said William.

Ah, but it's my bird, cried John; you know that's the one I bought; and therefore I have the greatest right to stop.

If it had not been for me, William

answered, getting very angry, you would not have had the bird at all, neither would you have known how to manage or to feed them. I have had all the trouble, and so, I think, I have the best right to the fun.

You think yourself very clever, because you happened to look first in the Boy's Book, said John; but I don't see why I can't read as well as you; and at any rate I ran of all the errands to buy the seeds and the peas, and to get the gravel, and all the other things. Now, I call going of errands more troublesome than any thing; besides, it's my pigeon, and it's

my risk, so I shall stay to look after my own property.

Now, John, can't you see that I wish to stay because I am older, and have more experience than you, said William, coaxingly.

But John was rendered stubborn by his brother's previous violent opposition, and he only answered doggedly, I know you are older, and in many things have more experience; but you have not kept pigeons any more than I have, and therefore my experience is quite as good as yours.

You're stupid, said William, and can't understand reason.

I can understand my own reasons, replied John, and I shan't go till the bird is home.

Whilst they were thus disputing, the pigeon had hovered round and round, gradually approaching nearer and nearer to the trap. Just as John spoke the last few words, it was upon the point of alighting; but the boys were so busied in their dispute, that they had absolutely forgotten to watch its course; William, very much incensed at his brother's obstinacy, (as he called it, although he was himself quite as obstinate,) gave him a push, saying:—

I tell you, then, you shan't stay; I'm the strongest and we'll try it.

At this very moment the bird had approached to the door of the trap, but the scuffle within alarmed it, and it again soared.

They now both heard and saw the pigeon, and were thus recalled to their senses.

There, now! exclaimed John, see what your violence has done! the bird was coming in, and you have frightened it away.

William was so conscious of his error, that he said not a word more; he was still very angry, but he had

sense enough left to perceive, that he had been upon the point of striking his brother—and that brother a boy younger, smaller, and weaker than himself.

Ashamed, provoked, and irritated, he left the pigeon-loft without saying a word. William's forbearance brought John to a sense of his own obstinacy, and he called after him—

William, William! do you stay—I'll go. But William stalked on, not daring to trust himself to speak, lest he might again do wrong; and too proud to accept his brother's offer. John, therefore, returned to the

watch; and William, on entering the house, met the servant removing the dinner.

I suppose you have made your meal upon peas, beans, and canary seed, said his father, when he made his appearance in the dining-room.

No, father, he replied; the pigeon has been very awkward; we could not lure it home.

It was as ignorant as yourself, then, of the progress of Time, said Mr. Howard; but I am sorry you cannot reason better than a pigeon.

I could not make it come home, said William.

Could you not have left it to return when it pleased? asked his father.

It has never been let out before, Papa, replied William, and we were afraid it might go away.

But will it be necessary, whenever your pigeons take a flight, that you should watch them till they return? inquired Mr. Howard.

No, Papa, not exactly necessary, answered William; but they require a great deal of attention.

Is your object in keeping these birds recreation only, or do you expect to make them a source of profit?

Only amusement, Father.

And do you intend daily to pass two or three hours in giving a pair of pigeons an airing, William? If so, I should recommend you to turn your attention to the keeping of pigeons as a means of profit as well as of amusement; for if, as mere recreation, it consumes so much time, I don't know what else you will be fitted for; you will scarcely find hours enough in the day either to acquire or employ the knowledge and experience which will be requisite in a better situation of life.

I did not know, Father, that you

had any objection to my keeping pigeons.

Nor have I. I only object to the want of sense you have displayed in the doing it. Look back to the last fortnight; reflect upon the hours you have passed in thinking of, watching, and feeding those birds. If, upon due consideration, you conclude the object to be worth the time so employed, I have nothing more to say, except that I would recommend you to become a pigeon-fancier in earnest; but if you consider such an occupation unworthy your understanding and acquirements,

I think you will also allow that you have spent more time than you can rightly spare upon a mere pastime, and that half the number of hours you have thus passed, would, better employed, have procured as much present, and laid in a store for more future, pleasure. I shall make no further observation on the matter, but leave the decision to yourself; only observe, that your determination will regulate my future conduct. A pigeon-fancier will not need the education I am bestowing upon you.

Mr. Howard then bid Jane to tell

her Mamma the pony gig was at the door, and that he was ready.

As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Howard were gone, and William, Caroline, and Jane left alone together, the latter asked her brother if he would not have some dinner.

No, he said, I am much too vexed to be hungry.

What a pity, said Caroline, you should have so forgotten your usual regularity, William. I cannot think what can make those pigeons so very attractive.

One gets on from one thing to another, you see, replied William; I

never meant to give up so much time to them when I began. Besides, Caroline, you are so very prudent, and so careful of your time; I never heard of any one like you.

O, Caroline, you are never idle or lazy, continued Jane, we can never expect to be like you.

And why not? asked Caroline; when I was little, I was the laziest child you ever saw or heard of. I used to sit huddled up on the floor, half undressed, in the cold, rather than take the trouble to put on my clothes; and when I have gone

out to play in the garden, have sat still, because the effort to walk or run was too much for my laziness.

And how were you cured of your idleness? inquired William.

By Mamma's good advice and my own experience. I often caught bad colds, and got out of health from want of exercise. Then I was of course equally lazy about all other things. At meals, I had never above half-finished when every one else had done, and therefore my plate was taken away. I did not like that, as you may suppose. I

used to sit over my books and work till I grew so stupid and tired, that I was perfectly uncomfortable. All these annoyances and evils led me to reflect that I was myself the cause of them, and that, therefore, I alone could prevent them. I determined to correct my bad habits; and although it cost me a good deal of trouble, I persevered until I succeeded, and the result was, that I became infinitely happier, and more beloved.

It certainly is a great encouragement to me, said Jane, to find that you, Caroline, who are always

industrious, were once so very lazy; because it makes me hope that one day I may become like you.

We all have it in our power to do right, replied Caroline; and in order to accomplish this we must keep the object we have to attain constantly in view. Those who are fully convinced of their errors, and firmly determined to correct them, have gone some way towards the accomplishment of their resolution.

John now made his appearance, exclaiming—

O, William! I'm so tired, so hungry, and my head and eyes do

ache so, with looking up at that provoking pigeon.

What is it not home yet? cried William.

No, it came once quite close, and I put out my hand to pull it in.

How stupid you must be! exclaimed William; I'll be bound the bird will never come back; however, it may go, for I'll spend no more time after it—have you left the trap open so that it can come in?

John said he had; and William, eager to make up lost time, sat down to his books: John went to get something to eat, and in about half an hour returned to tell William

that the pigeon had come home while they were away; thus convincing both the boys that they had, indeed, lost the time they had passed in watching it, since it had returned without their assistance.

When Mr. and Mrs. Howard came home, Jane asked how they had liked their drive?

Not at all, replied her mother; the flies stung the pony, and annoyed him so much, that our drive was anything but pleasurable.

John looked at Caroline, and then turned his eyes upon the ground: that his mother should have been uncomfortable, when he

had it in his power to have rendered her otherwise, was a sufficient rebuke for his want of perseverance in completing the net. The pigeons had engrossed all his time and thoughts.

William's garden, too, once so neat, and formerly his pride, was full of weeds, and the flowers hung drooping and neglected; it would cost him a great many hours' labour to restore it to its former condition. He had also been endeavouring to acquire a knowledge of the first principles of chemistry; and a friend of his father's had allowed him access to an excellent collection of books,

and had exemplified many facts by very interesting experiments; this pursuit had also been laid aside, and when William accidentally saw his kind instructor, he felt more than ever ashamed of his late waste of time. He had, however, the good sense to explain to his friend the cause of his neglect, and his sincere regret at having thus rejected the advantages he had hitherto enjoyed. It is needless to add, that his friend, on finding William spoke from conviction, permitted him again to profit by his kindness. The same evening Caroline and Jane called John into

the study, and shutting the door, took out of a drawer a horse net, which they held out for him to look at.

Indeed, said John, it seems an excellent net; at all events the work is beautiful; it only remains to see whether it fits, and if it should, I promise you not to lay the work aside till I have finished one like it.

But this is yours, said both his sisters at once.

Mine! exclaimed John; how do you mean? who bought it? where does it come from?

It's not bought, said Jane, looking very sly, and very much pleased.

It does not come from any *very great* distance, continued Caroline, smiling.

John looked still more and more puzzled; till Jane said to her sister, Shall we tell him? the latter nodded her head, and Jane went on in rather an important tone.

We made it, John; *we* made it for you to give to mamma.

Thank you, thank you, my dear, kind sisters; and he kissed them as he spoke; but when did you make it? where did you make it? I have never seen you netting?

No, that's the very thing, replied Jane; we did not wish you to see

it, because we wanted to surprise you; and we did not wish mamma to see it, because we wished you to surprise her; so we have risen an hour earlier every morning, and spared what time we could from other things (that is to say, from our amusements), and here it is finished: now you can give it to mamma.

No, I can't, said John, gravely.

Can't? repeated Jane, why can't you?

How can I go and give mamma this net? continued John. She will thank me as if it were my own work, or bought with my own

money; and therefore I shall be deceiving her.

We do not wish you to say any thing that is untrue, John, said Caroline; but we wish you to have the pleasure of giving mamma the net.

You, said John, have had more regard for her comfort than I; and you have made a net which I had undertaken, but which I was too idle to complete. But you had too much consideration for me to give it mamma, knowing that I should be disgraced in her eyes and my own by your so doing. Yes, my dear sisters, I will take the net, and although I am ashamed of

myself, yet your kindness somehow makes me feel less shame than, perhaps, I ought to do.

The next day, when the pony was brought to the door for Mrs. Howard to take a drive, it was covered with a beautiful net.—Agreeably surprised, she turned round to thank Mr. Howard, but he assured her he was quite as much astonished as herself.

Mamma, said John, I can tell you all about it—the net was mine last night; it was made for you.

Mrs. Howard began to thank her son, but he immediately interrupted her, saying,—

No, mamma, you have nothing to be obliged to me for; you have only to thank my sisters, who have finished what I begun without reflection, and discontinued for want of resolution. 'Tis true, I spent as many hours upon it as would have made a perfect net, but my time was thrown away, because—because —I don't quite know the right word —What is it, Caroline?

I suppose you mean, John, because it was misapplied.

Yes, that's it exactly, said John, but I think I have lately learned to know more about Time; and I hope to use it more wisely in future.

And so do I, said William.

And so do I, said Jane, at the same instant.

My dear children, said Mrs. Howard, you will all become virtuous and useful members of society, happy in yourselves, and able to contribute to the happiness of others, when once you are convinced, and act upon your conviction, of

THE VALUE OF TIME.

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